

# THE GIVVER

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"He was positively bearish, Phoebe"—p. 162.

## HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—PHEBE'S LOVERS.

IT was only by a strong effort that Lewis Darley retained sufficient self-command to be able to meet Cyril Chadburn with ordinary civility. The unexpected encounter was disagreeable as it was unwelcome, for he had latterly formed an antipathy to the young man, which made him disposed to repel any friendly overtures from him, particularly when they were offered to Bessie. Ever since the flower-

show he had distrusted even ordinary civilities. The frequent presents of fruit and flowers from Chadburn Court were a source of annoyance to him, for he did not fail to remark that they gave her pleasure. The idea of a visit from Cyril during his absence had not occurred to him, or he would have taken precautions to prevent the possibility of a tête-à-tête between him and Bessie. It had startled him, the sight of those two chatting familiarly together, apparently in thorough enjoyment of each other's society. He was in the mood to exaggerate everything to his own disquietude, and over-estimate the importance of every trifle which had any bearing on the subject.

Entering unperceived, he had full opportunity for studying the picture; Cyril standing by the easel, his head bent over the unfinished picture, one hand resting on the back of the chair occupied by Bessie. He saw her, all eagerness and animation, looking up at her visitor, and listening with evident interest and pleasure, her eyes sparkling and her sweet face glowing with bright colour. The old man noted all, feeling inclined to be angry with his nephew for allowing Cyril Chadburn to take his place by Bessie's side. "Gerald seems to lack spirit. At his age, if I had any liking for a girl, I would have taken care that none beside myself should have the chance to win her."

Influenced by these thoughts, he took Gerald up somewhat shortly, abruptly interrupting some remark which he was making on a political question that was absorbing the public mind. "Don't trouble me with that. Look yonder; Miss Bessie has a visitor. Do you see who it is?"

"Yes; it is Mr. Cyril Chadburn."

The words were jerked out in a tone closely resembling a growl.

"Oh, you've not quite lost the use of your eyes!" was the old man's satirical rejoinder.

Gerald gave him a wondering look; but before he could ask for an explanation, Lewis Darley had quickened his steps, and passed through the gateway, leaving him to follow.

Puzzled to account for his uncle's sudden display of anger, and secretly chafing at the sight of Cyril Chadburn's evident partiality for Bessie Grant, Gerald felt unwilling to follow, and would probably have prolonged his study of the old arch for some minutes longer, had not his uncle called to him to come in. His face flushed as he caught sight of Bessie's picture, and the thought that she had let Cyril Chadburn see it after having refused him, gave an unnatural constraint to his manner, and caused him to meet Cyril's courteous advances with a degree of coldness that touched the pride of the heir of the Chadburns. But as he guessed the cause of the young doctor's coolness, he adroitly took the opportunity to act the amiable, well knowing that the contrast between them would be sure to tell in his

favour, while the very fact of his cool, confident tone would be certain to increase the doctor's ill-humour.

Cyril Chadburn proved to be right, so much so that Bessie, in an unusual fit of confidence to Phoebe, who was undoing her hair, said rather vaguely, "He was positively bearish, Phoebe."

The young handmaiden stopped in the midst of her work, and asked in a surprised tone, "Who was bearish, Miss Bessie?"

"Why, that handsome cousin of mine. I wonder what I can have done to vex him?"

Phoebe replied by giving her young mistress a bit of advice. "If I was you, miss, I'd be vexed next time he comes, and see if he doesn't come round."

Bessie gave her a half-amused look, and asked, "Have you ever tried that plan, Phoebe, as you recommend it so strongly?"

Phoebe blushed, and Bessie had to repeat her question before she could elicit a reply.

"Yes, Miss Bessie."

The young lady was evidently surprised by her answer. She sat some seconds gazing into the glass, and silently studying the flushed face which it reflected behind her own. Poor Phoebe went on brushing vigorously, and getting hotter every moment. She was a picture of blushing self-consciousness. It was betrayed even in the motion of the large red hands as they went nervously on with their task. It was Bessie who broke the awkward pause.

"Phoebe, you sly thing, you have a lover, and never told me!"

The effect of this accusation was to produce more helpless self-betrayal on the part of Phoebe, a deeper scarlet in her cheeks, and much harder brushing than the young lady's hair required.

"Softly, Phoebe; I must protest against that hair-brush; it hurts. Do you know you have been tugging at my hair as if it was a clothes-line, and brushing as if you were cleaning a carpet that was hanging on it?"

"La! miss; you know I didn't mean to hurt you;" and in her compunction, Phoebe drew some of the bright tresses over her hand, and stroked them softly.

Bessie laughed, and said mischievously, "Never mind, Phoebe; you are in love, and I forgive you."

"Oh, Miss Bessie!"

"Yes; I am sure you are, Phoebe, and you must tell me who he is!"

"I can't, miss."

"And pray why are you afraid?"

"I don't know, miss; I think I would rather not."

"But you must! Is it the butcher?"

"No, Miss Bessie."

"Well, then, it must be the baker, for I have often seen you talking to him longer than there was any need for."

"Oh, Miss Bessie! I must have been complaining about the bad bread."

"Then you are not in love with him?"

"No; I'm sure I'm not."

"Then tell me who it is, Phoebe."

Phoebe hesitated; then blurted out, "I think it's the curly-haired young man at the tea-shop."

"Oh, you *think* so! Why are you not sure?"

"There's another, miss."

"Good gracious, Phoebe! You don't mean to tell me you are in love with two?"

Phoebe's round eyes opened to their widest as she said, "I couldn't be in love with both, Miss Bessie."

"Phoebe, I am afraid you are a flirt. Tell me who is the other."

"The barber's son, miss, as lives close by the cathedral."

"Oh, indeed! Does he give you lessons in hair-dressing?"

"No, Miss Bessie; I'm sure he doesn't."

"Well, tell me in confidence which is the favoured one."

"Him at the tea-shop, miss. He's better looking, and he sent me a valentine, with a lace border and pink and gold angels flying over it, covered with roses, and fit to be framed. Oh! it is beautiful, Miss Bessie;" and Phoebe grew quite enthusiastic in her description.

"You must let me see it, Phoebe, and I'm afraid I shall have to — But, hark! there is my uncle calling me in a great hurry. We must talk about this another time; only, mind you are not to flirt. Now, just twist my hair round this comb, and let me run down at once."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### WATCHED.

FROM the time that Phillis Ford first roused her master's anxiety about the health of his adopted daughter, Bessie found herself compelled to take daily walks, against which she protested, because she had a rooted dislike to constitutionals. But there was no other way of satisfying the ever-watchful solicitude of the old man, who had taken to himself a conviction that going out was indispensable to keep his darling from fading before his eyes. Besides, Gerald Darley had given in his professional verdict on the subject, with much impressive medical talk about the laws of health, debility, and the necessity for fresh air and tonics. This combined force carried the point; Bessie could not refuse compliance, if only for the sake of relieving the old man's anxiety. She could not help regretting the uninterrupted hours of seclusion which she had been used to pass in her own room or the oak parlour.

She tried to make a compromise in favour of gardening; but that meddling Gerald chanced to hear of it, and at once negatived the idea, by deciding that the air was too confined to make it an efficient substitute for the daily walk, change of scene being as necessary as fresh air.

The young lady did a lot of grumbling to Phoebe, protesting, with a pretty affectation of anger, "that Gerald must have done it out of pure contradiction."

Phoebe's view of the subject differed widely from that of her mistress. "I'm sure, Miss Bessie, it will do you ever so much good; and Mr. Gerald being a doctor, he ought to know best."

"He's a tiresome creature, Phoebe."

"I think he's very clever, and handsome, and——"

"There, there, Phoebe, that will do. If he ordered you to take a constitutional every day you would think differently."

"There's nothing I'm fonder of than a walk, miss, only mother's always worrying about wasting time; but I do enjoy the shop-windows."

"Particularly those of the tea-shop," suggested Bessie, drily. It was a bit of retaliation for Phoebe's want of sympathy. It told as she had expected.

The girl's face reddened up to her temples as she exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Bessie, how can you!"

"Because I'm not in love, Phoebe."

And with that remark Bessie dismissed her, for her thoughts naturally wandered to her own admirers — Cyril Chadburn and Gerald Darley.

Bessie went out every day when the weather was favourable, sometimes accompanied by the old man, but oftener alone. Her rambles were usually in one direction—to the river-side, which was always a charming retreat in summer. It refreshed her by being so different to Abbey House and its gloomy surroundings. Much as she loved the old home, there was an indescribable sense of relief in such entire change from the objects that were about her every day. It broke the monotony of life so pleasantly, and sent her back all the brighter and fresher for having exchanged, even for a brief interval, the overshadowed seclusion of the solemn old house for the exquisite river scenery, that filled her mind with pictures, and fed it with new dreams of beauty. The fair tidal river laughed and gleamed in the sun as it hurried onward to the sea, its gentle wavelets singing among the whispering reeds, and softly kissing the lilies as they bathed their petals in the stream from which they drank new life and freshness.

Bessie's was just the mind to seize and retain the inspiration of such a scene. Her favourite walk was a shady path winding along the bank of the river, between thickly-planted trees that formed a green roof above her head. Near the end of the path, where the leafy canopy was not so thick, and a more open view of the river could be obtained, there was the massive, gnarled trunk of an old tree, upon which Bessie often improvised a seat. There she would linger, painting ideal pictures, and letting her mind revel in enjoyment of the fair scene.

The river seemed to have strange fascination for her; she was never tired of watching the play of shifting light and shadow on its waters. Sometimes

she would devote herself to gathering the vagrant blossoms that fringed its banks, and gave their wild sweetness so freely to the wind. There was also another attraction. The river was often gay with pleasure-boats; rich in all varieties of small watercraft, from the showy barges, radiant with new paint and gilding, and displaying extraordinary effects of colour, to the light, slender skiff, that skimmed the water like a bird, and seemed too fragile for the conveyance of anything more material than a sea-nymph. This was a scene which afforded her much interest, the soft monotonous plash of the oars seeming to have a soothing effect upon her senses. At such times she had a habit of falling into profound reverie, in which she forgot all note of time, and remained out so long beyond her usual hour of return, that the old man would become anxious, and fearing all kind of evil, hurriedly leave his beloved books and go out in search of her, as he generally knew the direction of her walks.

It was more than a week after Cyril Chadburn's morning call at Abbey House; Bessie was seated as usual on the gnarled trunk of the old tree, her dark eyes looking dreamily before her, as though trying to follow the river in its rush towards the sea. She had just conjured a vivid mental picture of the blue ocean in its summer play upon the strand, dancing over gleaming beds of shingle, and tossing upon the rocks feathery clouds of silver foam. Suddenly her train of thought was broken by sounds that warned her of the approach of strangers; at the same moment a shadow was thrown across her path, cutting off the stream of sunlight which had been rippling over the grass at her feet. Bessie coloured, and rose hastily; she knew who the intruder was before he spoke.

"You here, Miss Grant! this is an unexpected pleasure."

There could have been no mistaking the insinuating softness of those modulated tones, even if the young girl had not recognised the tall figure and finely-chiselled face of Cyril Chadburn. The brilliant dye in her cheeks deepened as her fingers timidly touched his extended hand, and she met the gracious smile that pointed his words. He inquired if her uncle was at home, and as he walked by her side, explained that he had left Chadburn Court that morning in the hope that he should find Mr. Darley at leisure to grant him an interview. "I called a few days ago, but was unfortunate enough to find you both out. The last time I saw you, your cousin was there, and of course business was out of the question; I hope to be more fortunate to-day, but if I am not I shall not regret coming."

It was very easy to detect that this explanation was given as a pretext for accompanying her in her home walk. Bessie tacitly accepted the position, but she felt secretly disconcerted, and was half startled at the unusual warmth of manner which he

developed during their tête-à-tête. Cyril was unconsciously falling in love with the beauty beside him, and his conversation gradually drifted from polite generalisms to something more definite.

On first seeing Bessie seated by the river-side, Cyril had exclaimed to himself, in a tone which the excitement of the moment rendered louder than he was aware, "Ah! by all that's fortunate! there's Lewis Darley's daughter; everything seems to favour my plans. I shall win her yet, and all the wealth she is heir to."

Little did he think he had spoken aloud, and that his words had been overheard by an elderly gentleman, who appeared to be deeply absorbed in a book which he was reading, but no sooner had Cyril joined Bessie than he rose from the bank and followed them, close enough to keep them in sight until they had reached Abbey House.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### BAFFLED, NOT BEATEN.

MARSHALL and Nield were unsuccessful in their inquiries at the Chesterdale station. The station-master and several of the porters remembered seeing a gentleman who answered the description of the person of whom they were in search, but beyond that no clue could be obtained. The astute Gibbs had been pressed into their service, and had been watching the Chesterdale station for nearly a fortnight, in the disguise of a railway company's servant, but in vain, for, as Marshall naively put it, "they were stuck in the mud, and to all appearances, without the slightest chance of being helped out."

Nield was more sanguine than the others.

They were holding a council of war in a room which Gibbs had hired close to the railway-station; Marshall, who had received instructions to return to London, was strongly advising Nield to give up the search.

"Better take my advice, Nield, and come back with me, for I feel convinced you'll never catch the fellow."

"I'm baffled, Marshall, not beaten," was the laconic reply, and Nield again bent over the map he was studying.

"Well, well, old fellow, I see it's no use trying to persuade you. Of course I was only giving you my opinion as to the result of the chase, but if perseverance succeeds, as the old adage says, why, you'll win, for I think there's something of the bloodhound in your nature."

"Thank you for the compliment, Marshall, though it's a very doubtful one; but to business. I have been thinking over your advice about trying the next town, and I intend to take it; I shall leave Gibbs to keep watch here while I search there."

A few hours later Marshall was on his way to London, and Nield commenced his search by taking



a railway-ticket for Workenbury, the thriving little town which numbered Dr. Ward among its principal physicians. On arriving, his first care was to make himself acquainted with the resources of the place in the way of hotel accommodation, and get himself duly installed at the "White Horse," a substantial red-brick inn, situated nearly opposite its more pretentious neighbour, the "Eagle," which was dignified with the title of hotel, and claimed to be the most fashionable in the town, rejoicing in a stuccoed front with an imposing portico at the entrance, surmounted by a female figure bearing an ornamental lamp.

The next proceeding was to procure a directory containing a map of the town, from which, after a few minutes' study, he managed to draw an outline of the principal streets. With that in his pocket he walked to the police-station and applied for assistance, which was readily granted. Then began a series of daily pilgrimages, which comprised a visit of inspection to every place or object likely or unlikely to attract the notice of strangers. The recently-erected town-hall, the exchange, the public baths, and new reading-room and library—each was visited in turn, and received its due share of attention, not forgetting the park, which Mr. Nield was fond of exploring. He went there at all hours, developing a marked fancy for those promenades which were most favoured by the élite of Workenbury society. Wherever the throng was greatest he was generally to be seen in the midst, walking about with his cane tucked under his arm, making his observations with the off-handed ease and comfortable assurance of a well-to-do British citizen on general good terms with himself and the world—one who has reached the age appreciative of good dinners, and is alive to the commercial value of everything about him.

This went on for several days, the end of which found Mr. Nield still at the starting-point. All his resources had been exhausted without achieving the slightest success. It was evident he must seek elsewhere for the clue he wanted, but the tenacity with which he clung to his purpose in spite of its apparent hopelessness, and the qualities which he brought to bear on its pursuit, seemed to justify Marshall's remark about the bloodhound.

It was only in his bedroom at the "White Hart" that the indefatigable detective relaxed the daily strain, and allowed himself to grow despondent over his ill-success.

"Well, this looks very like being beaten as well as baffled, and it seems likely that Marshall will have his laugh out of me after all. I don't know why I keep hanging about this stupid place, it seems no use, and yet something may turn up; I never yet said die to any job that I was engaged in."

The next morning found Mr. Nield in the preliminary stage of a violent cold; this determined him to remain in-doors, particularly as the weather was

stormy and wet, more resembling the closing days of October than the latter end of August. After he had breakfasted and made some entries in his notebook, he found his way to the coffee-room, which was unoccupied, except by a rustic couple whom he guessed to be on their wedding tour.

The waiter had just removed the remains of their substantial breakfast, and they seemed to be preparing for their departure. The burly, clownish-looking young farmer stood before the mantel-glass, sleeking down his straight hair over his temples, and the young wife sat on the couch, her colour rivalling the deep-hued pink ribbon of which her bonnet was so redundant. She seemed particularly solicitous about the fit of the white gloves, which she drew off and on in a manner that threatened damage to their colour. Mr. Nield's rapid glance took in everything as he passed round to the window and took his seat, gazing somewhat listlessly through the high wire blind into the street, where the prospect was anything but cheerful and inviting that wet morning.

The waiter had just handed back the farmer's bill duly receipted, and in obedience to a hint pocketed the change with a grin and an obsequious "Thank you, sir," that was highly gratifying to the countryman.

As the waiter went out he turned to his wife, saying, in a loud whisper, "Hang it, Polly! if I haven't been and forgot to ask about that poor chap who was hurt and took to the 'Eagle' over there. You remember the gentleman I told you about, that I saw knocked down by a horse the last time I came to market for father? What, didn't I tell you? well, there, I thought I had, but I suppose I could think of nought else but your pretty face and getting spliced, but there is an account of it in the *Workenbury Chronicle*, and I'll read it to you, for I believe I've got it in my coat-pocket. Yes, here it is."

As he spoke, he pulled out a crumpled old newspaper, and ran his large forefinger down the columns, until he found the paragraph, which he was anxious to read for the edification of red-cheeked Polly.

Until that moment Mr. Nield had been trying to amuse himself by playing a game of chess with some imaginary adversary. When the young farmer began reading, he raised his head and listened intently until the reader finished the paragraph on the accident. Then he turned round, and asked politely, "The gentleman would oblige by letting him look over his newspaper for a few minutes."

It was good-humouredly handed to him. "You may have it and welcome, sir, but it's old news; I've had it in my pocket some weeks."

"Thank you; I like reading old newspapers occasionally."

"That's more than I do, sir. Give me the latest news any day before the old."

"Quite right, sir; but you'll admit that the old

is very often the best." And with that remark he settled himself to re-read the account of the accident which had befallen Bernard Ayrton.

After the young couple had taken their departure, Mr. Nield rang for a bottle of lemonade; and as the waiter was drawing the cork, he said, "The hotel over the way is called the 'Eagle,' is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe there has been a gentleman lying ill there?"

"Yes, sir; he got badly hurt by a horse."

"So I understand. Is he still at the hotel?"

"No, sir; he went away the day before yesterday."

"Gone! did you say he was gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then of course he is quite recovered."

"Quite; the first physician in the town attended him."

"Ah! then I suppose the injured man is well known about here?"

"No, sir; he was quite a stranger."

"The paper here describes him as tall and military-looking. Is that correct?"

"Can't say, sir; I didn't take much notice. Will you have anything with your lemonade, sir?"

"No. Stay; you mentioned something about the

physician that attended him: is he considered clever?"

"Very. I ought to know that, sir, for he cured me after I had been given up by Dr. Moss."

"Ah! then I will ask his advice about my cold; There's nothing like taking these things in time. I believe you said his name was Dr. Moss?"

"No, sir, that is the other one: it is Dr. Ward."

"Oh! it's Dr. Ward, is it? Well, give me his address, and tell me his hours for consultation."

The required information was given, and rapidly transferred to Mr. Nield's note-book.

The waiter had remarked, as a peculiarity about the gentleman in No. 5, that "he seemed to be always putting something down in his note-book."

As the door closed on the man, Nield rose and walked to the fire-place, rubbing his hands and humming a popular opera air.

"At last there is promise of something! This wet morning has done more for me than all the rest. My first visit must be to the 'Eagle;' then comes this remarkably clever physician. If he doesn't cure my cold, he may ease my mind, by giving me the clue to this fellow's present quarters. Bloodhound or no bloodhound, there's nothing like holding on to the game. Baffled, not beaten, Mr. Marshall; I shall get my man yet."

(To be continued.)

## THE FEET OF JESUS.

THE PIERCINGS OF THE FEET WHICH ONLY WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.



HEN Peter opened his mouth to teach Cornelius and those who were with him, he spoke of Jesus of Nazareth, as the One anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, as One who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him (Acts x. 38.).

How full that good was, we can see from Matt. iv. 23, where we are told that "Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." Thus, and thus only, were the feet of Jesus occupied on earth. In this work they went on long travel—in this they were weary, dust-stained, and unrefreshed; if the history of each footfall could be written, it would contain some portion of the story of his love to man.

And yet, these are the feet of which we read here as pierced and torn; these are the feet which men nailed to the cross. The ingratitude which they showed would be in itself enough to furnish subject-matter for long sad thought.

And with the ingratitude, the folly, and the madness. For were they not there recklessly shutting up the means of their choicest blessing; forbidding all other journeys for good; saying that no more should the feet of the Healer travel through their land to the home of the sick and the tombs of the dead; no more should those of the Teacher go through coast and village, and into temples and synagogues, bearing God's last and greatest message to their kind?

They crowned with thorns the head which had never thought of them but for good; and they pierced the heart which had never felt towards them but love; and they nailed the hands which had fed and healed them; and the feet, which had journeyed only to carry blessing hither and thither throughout their land.

Sin is indeed a guilty madness, and nowhere is it more plainly seen so than here, when man nails his best benefactor to a cross.

But let us turn our attention to one or two other thoughts, from which we get important teaching for ourselves.

And first of all we observe, that this great

injury is suffered in the very instrument of blessing to man.

Now this is in itself enough to raise some questionings within our hearts.

Why did not the goodness of Jesus protect him from this indignity and suffering, and this summary ending to his mission of doing good?

Jesus came into the world as it was from its first days of sin; from the time of the murdered Abel, when goodness attracted rather than repelled injury. He was in the world, not as he would have made it, but as it was; and it was to act on him as coming to the laws of evil; and the laws of evil were, that such as he were not worthy to live. Now this comes home practically to many of the children of God; and all the more so, the more like they are to Christ.

God's people often allow themselves in very mistaken ideas with regard to their position in the world.

They expect to be appreciated, to be valued; that for their very usefulness and the good they do, they will find help and not hindrance, honour and not shame. They are vexed at the injustice and the stupidity of those with whom they have to do, in not recognising the value of their work.

Let them look at the cross, at the head, and hands, and feet, which are all pierced there; and when they have looked, say, "The disciple is not above his Master." They are placed on their trial in this respect in oneness with their Lord. Their piercings have this characteristic in common with his.

But we sometimes have thoughts in this matter connected with God himself. Sometimes in folly, sometimes in bewilderment, sometimes in ignorance, we think when we see health and property and position which were used for advancing good, taken away, and illness, and loss, and depression in the social scale taking their place, that this ought not to be. We think that all such blessings and opportunities should be spared; in a word, that no cross should be laid on them.

Here is a man who spent the bulk of what he had in doing good, and now in a moment it is taken from him. Violence has come on his property, so far as doing good goes, he is nailed hand and foot. Barabbas gets off scot free, but the man of God is practically crucified with his Lord.

The staggering of David comes upon us, and we have need to go into the sanctuary of the Lord to understand this.

Into that sanctuary Jesus doubtless went. Amid the many thoughts which flooded his mind as he hung upon the accursed tree, these, perhaps, may have had place. When the last breath was parting, Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," but who can tell what he had been committing as he

hung there—how many thoughts like these passed in sorrow through his mind, or into the light of the sanctuary in which he dwelt?

They may have been projected on his mind as fiery darts of the Evil One, or they may have risen as the sorrowful and sinless thoughts of One who felt that all things were out of course; but if indeed they crossed the Saviour's mind in that dark hour, there fell upon them, we may be sure, sanctuary light, and in that light, he saw light.

We may rest assured that there is a solution to all dark dispensations of this kind; they are the mysteries of God; but he who allows them to enter into his pains, can unravel them if he see fit. They are not out of place because inexplicable.

What is meant by such permissions we know not now, but we shall know hereafter; but meanwhile we may understand enough to steady us when we see these things happening; and, perhaps, even to make us enter with some degree of fulness and power into the mind and will of God.

When money, and health, and influence, and the like are taken away, there is in reality to them often the mystery of a higher call. So it was with Jesus. His sacred feet are seized, and nailed, and hindered, and man proclaims that they shall move no more.

But in that nailing they received the mystery of a higher call—they were given a wider sphere—the nail which pinned them to the cross enlarged the boundary of their mission, and gave them the world and not Judea for a sphere. Until he was crucified, Jesus could not pass Judea. He belonged to the Jews; but that nail lifted him off the soil of the peculiar land; and not only were the Jews to look on him whom they had pierced, but the nations also, and every one of us who feels that he was bruised for our iniquities—that by his stripes we are healed—and that it was our sins, as well as those of others, which nailed him to the accursed tree.

And now with pierced feet Jesus traverses the world. Wherever the story of the cross reaches, so must it come as a tale of many woundings—thus only can Jesus approach a poor sinner—yea, thus only wills he to approach him; and thus only should he, on his part, wish to see him.

Who can tell what a prospect Jesus had from the cross? We are told that for the joy set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame—and this may have been one of the endurance helps. It was the will of his Father that Jesus should traverse Judea for a while, bearing with him blessing wherever he went; but that was to be only for a time—there was a sterner will to be fulfilled; and terrible as were the shame and pain of the cross, the words of Jesus's heart, as his feet

were transfixed to it, were these, "I delight to do thy will, O my God."

Therefore, should all our instruments of usefulness fail us, even the very members of our body, let us but have faith and obedience; and let the mind which was in Jesus, as he allowed his feet to be nailed to the cross, be in us, and our apparent laying aside may be our highest service.

One more observation we would make. This piercing, which appeared to put an end to Jesus altogether, was, in point of fact, only an end to his human suffering. The long journeys were now all ended—the many wearinesses—the footsore of travel—the goings about far away from his Father's home.

The piercing of those feet was the way to everlasting rest—an unlikely way, to all human appearance; but the best way in the mind of God.

Ah! how little do we know of the way to long, deep rest! how different our way of seeking it from that in which it pleases God to send it. How often do we think our great trial can bring us no peace! but in that may be wrapped up our great rest.

Sad, indeed, to every Christian must be the contemplation of the pierced feet of Jesus; but now as we look back upon the crucifixion, our feeling of sadness may be tempered with satisfaction. We think not only of what the piercings have done for us, but also of what they did for him—that they ended a life of sorrow, and were the immediate preparations for the commencement of a life of unending and unutterable joy.

#### THE FEET WHICH HAD BEEN LOVINGLY TENDED.

There are no cups of such unmingled bitterness as not to have in them one drop of what is sweet; and the cup of life which Christ drank was no exception to the rule.

True—his smiles were few; his friends were few; sunshine did not often fall upon him; but he did rejoice in spirit. There were some who loved him—there were some homes where he was welcome—there were those who ministered to him of their substance, who looked on him with reverence, who outpoured to him their hearts in love.

And so Jesus, fulfilling his lot as man, put himself even by these small enjoyments under the terrible power of contrast.

These feet which are now pierced with the cruel nails, were once washed with tears, and wiped with the hair of a loving woman's head—they had been tended with unusual evidences of love.

It may have been that the remembrance of this love came along with the piercing of the nail: and that the mind of Jesus, acute in all its susceptibilities and powers, put the stroke of the executioner and the tenderness of the woman side by side.

It was but a little while before, and perhaps the contrast of the "Hosannah" and the "Crucify him" had given him food enough for melancholy thought; and now the anointing with tears, and the transfixing with a nail, may have presented themselves side by side. In that intense rush of true human misery which, though he were the Son of God, yet came to him on the cross as the Son of man, the weight of this contrast may have been felt.

It is a sad thought, that we cannot have any enjoyment but what carries within it a seed of possible sorrow. Pure and, so to speak, perfect as regards itself, as we look at it now, and turn it every way, we can see no trouble clinging to it, nor can we see why any should do so; but we are not able to look forward far enough, and to see how it will link itself with some future woe.

The laugh of the curly-headed child which now fills my heart with gladness, may be destined to make doubly bitter the hour when I shall be left alone; the whole oneness with a heart which beats with my heart, may only make more lost and bewildered and lonely my condition when that heart has ceased to beat. We do not say that such thoughts are to be indulged, or to be gone in search of; there is misery enough in the world without going to look for it; we only say that in providing one of the two elements necessary for contrast, every present pleasure has in it the power of pointing with double anguish some future woe. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down, and wept when we remembered thee, O Sion." "Oh that I were as in months past," says Job, and then two whole chapters are filled with an account of what he had been and what he then was. When the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord (Ezra iii.), the people shouted with joy; but there were those who had seen another temple and other days; they were old men now, but their memory was young, and the power of contrast came with terrible force on them. "But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice."

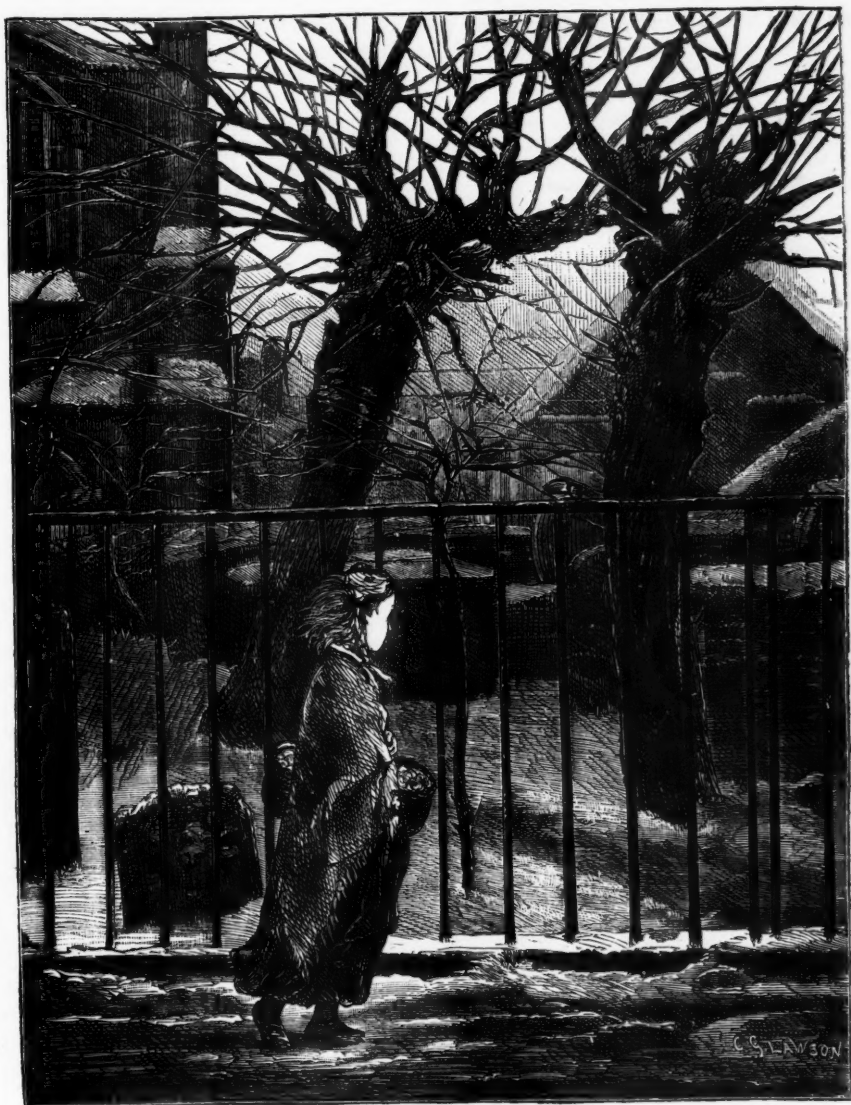
We have left ourselves space for but one or two further observations, which we cannot expand.

There was another contrast lying before Christ, and he knew it. He knew of the future adoration of millions, and of individuals at those feet which were now pierced—for the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame.

Let us also meet contrast with contrast. If the present is made sad by the memory of the past, let it be made joyful by the hope of the future.

Let us do what in us lies to tend, in Christ's suffering ones, Christ himself. The time may





(Drawn by C. G. LAWSON.)

"As grand a toiler as you  
Is she who shall dare and do"—p. 170.

come when we like the women who ministered to him once, may have to stand helplessly by.

Let us who would fain always have the tendings of love, or an even life without vicissitudes—who would experience no great changes—contem-

plate the cross, and see there the feet which had been once lovingly tended, now beyond the reach of the hands of love, and transfixed with the cruel nail, and let it be enough for the disciple if he be as his Master, and for the servant if he be as his Lord.

## WEARY FEET.

**H**O, man with the cold keen eye,  
This, this is no pauper-lie  
At the doors of your busy mart,  
But a true and a womanly heart,  
Though it beat in the breast of a child  
Where only the dead have smiled.

As grand a toiler as you  
Is she who shall dare and do,  
For the promise that holds the dead  
And the living that pine for bread;  
And grander than he who would stake  
His soul for the gold's own sake.

Come, close up your ponderous books,  
Away with those cold hard looks,  
That dream of some venture vast  
That shall narrow and dwarf the last,  
And follow the weary feet,  
Through alley and dismal street,

To where, amid squalor and gloom,  
They enter the desolate room.  
See now the fair young head  
Bending above that bed,  
Where, clasped in the bonds of death,  
A little babe gasps for breath.

Hark to the kisses that fall  
On the lips that will call and call  
For the love that lies under the mould,  
And that died for the lack of gold,  
Succour the brave young life  
That nobly faces the strife;

Help for the struggling poor,  
Who suffer and still endure;  
Love, love your fellow-kind,  
And, lo! in your heart you shall find  
A treasure that fades not away,  
But groweth from day to day.

M. B.

## AN EVENING WITH A CITY MISSIONARY IN THE TAVERNS OF MARYLEBONE.—I.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "ANCIENT MEETING-HOUSES," ETC.



**T**IS Sunday, the 30th of July, 1871. The day has been a stormy one, and as I traverse the fields in the direction of London, the sodden earth testifies to the weight of rain which has fallen since morning. The brightening sky, however, now promises a fair night; the air is delightfully cool and fresh, and the scene stretching into the distance has a quietness resting upon it in unison with the Sabbath. To stay amid these surroundings, and to occupy a place in the rural house of prayer, would be more congenial to the taste, than is the task prescribed for this evening—viz., to accompany a city missionary into the taverns of Marylebone, for the purpose of witnessing his operations in those places of recreation among the thoughtless and the profane.

As yet I have not set eyes on my friend the public-house missionary. Our meeting-place is to be in front of Marylebone Church, and the sign of recognition is a black case, in which are carried the tracts and periodicals for the publicans and their customers. Arriving shortly before the time appointed—eight o'clock—I have an opportunity of speculating on the kind of functionary with whom I am about to become acquainted. In what respect is the London city missionary supposed to differ

from other people? The "Amateur Casual" has made his readers familiar with the evangelist of Cow Cross—a hero found to differ essentially from what was expected. Instead of a shabby-genteel, white-neckerchiefed creature of the preacher type, he was found to be a thick-set, determined-looking man, who, with Bible in one pocket and a bundle of tracts in the other, went forth to work in the rookery by which he is surrounded, in a very matter-of-fact fashion, and commonly humming a hymn to cheer the way. From one or two polite notes received from the public-house visitor I had formed a good opinion of his urbanity and desire to render an asked-for service, and any notions contracted in regard to his *personnel* are set at rest by the appearance, exact to time, of the gentleman expected. As in the instance above referred to, he did not correspond with the ideal picture of imagination. For this rough service one might have looked for a man whose physical strength equalled his moral courage; and whose readiness to speak was matched by his ability to stand on the defensive when threatened with maltreatment in certain of the dens he is required to enter. A man of middle height, well dressed; of ready utterance, and of a quality proving a fair amount of mental culture; mild features, bespeaking a sensitive, not to say a nervous, temperament, and we have all

that need be said respecting the person of the missionary.

The clocks are now striking eight; but we are still early. Many of the people we desire to see are away, on this fine summer evening, in the country, and, accordingly, a little spare time is improved by listening to my companion's street experience. During fifteen years he worked a vile district in the rear of Lisson Grove, and in one notorious street, known by the name of "Little Hell," he attended eighty-five cases of typhus fever. In this rookery he walked safely at all hours among the haunts of the reckless and depraved, and his experience proved that while roughs condemn religion, they remain strongly superstitious. One of the first visits paid in "Little Hell" was to a woman of bad character, on whom death had set his seal. She had several sons, tall, large-boned, powerful men—dust-collectors by profession, and just the kind of material to interfere with the visits of "the parson," had not an hallucination stepped in to help in raising him in their esteem. As the missionary endeavoured to lodge seeds of repentance in the soul of the sufferer, her face assumed an expression of horror, as she related how, while lying there, SOMETHING—a dark-looking being—had approached, and had tried to pull away the bed-clothes; "but," she added, "it has not been since you have visited me." Though this woman died, the missionary had won the freedom of the whole dark community. There was not a ruffian or a black-leg there who would not, had occasion required, have defended "the parson" by word and hand.

But it is now half-past eight o'clock, and we have arrived at the portals of a large establishment, occupying a position at a four-crossed way of leading thoroughfares. "We will go in here," says the missionary. "We must exercise caution, for the landlord is unfavourable." "Unfavourable," in the sense here used, does not mean that the host is violent or abusive, but that he looks coldly on all Christian endeavours within his own precincts. While distantly civil, he would be better pleased were the missionary not to darken his doors.

The first thing to be done on entering is to present one or more of the young persons employed in the bar with a copy of a religious periodical, provided for this purpose; but these objects of the visitors' care are now so busy at their evening occupation, that they are only able to offer a brief passing civility. Mark well the scene. There may be forty or fifty persons in this bar, and the mingling of voices, with the clatter of pots and glasses, makes up a picture of low life and a din of confusion such as can only be witnessed in one of these places on a Sunday night. Only few are found to reject the tracts, and most return a gracious "Thank you, sir." See yonder middle-aged

man. He has seen better days, and knowing that he is not what he ought to be, wishes he were a better subject. Others fold up the papers and pocket them for their wives and children. Note that respectable-looking mechanic; his features instantly assume a serious cast as he listens to a few searching words—words touching repentance and the good old way. He thinks he shall reach heaven in the end; and then, his countenance, meanwhile, lighting up with the happy thought, he asks, "Don't you think I shall get there if I have *one* good thought in my heart?" With brevity and pointedness the conditions of reconciliation with God are explained, and the man's eyes speak his appreciation of the words spoken.

Our chief tracts for to-night's work are "Do You Want a Pilot?" and "The Way to Begin." The little messengers are welcomed with divers comments. One comfortable-looking gentleman does not know that he particularly wants a pilot. Why should he? he has lived respectably, and all that. Then listen a minute—and in this babel of conviviality you must listen intently or you will not catch a word—and you discover how ruthlessly the London city missionary razes self-righteous hopes and points to a sure foundation. Then see that little knot of pleasure-seekers—two youths and two maidens—each arranged in the smartest wares of the cheap outfitter. Poor girls. After the drudgery of the week they are supposed to be at church; but, for public worship, they have substituted a stroll with their "young men." It is saddening to watch the youngest holding her glass in a manner quite convincing that she is little used to this sort of thing. "Much discretion is needed in interfering with a company like that," remarks my companion, in an undertone; but he is soon one of the garrulous party, and has even now won their good opinion; for, deeming him "a good sort," he is under the necessity of declining the hospitality of one playful gallant, who offers to "pay for anything yer like."

Many women and girls are met with in these places who, in city mission phraseology, are "respectable." Passing some of these, and offering them tracts, they hang down their heads in some confusion, as though ashamed of being caught in these questionable precincts, and in some instances the good offices of the missionary are refused. Passing from the bar to the parlour, we enter a room packed with thirty or forty persons, mostly young men of the clerk and shopmen class, who have pledged themselves to a fast life. The company is not composed of men exclusively, however; there are a few women, and from their not very happy cast of countenance, we judge them to be wives waiting for dissipated husbands. Nor are these all. The hot smoky atmosphere is breathed by at least one little girl, who in her Sunday finery, and sitting by her mother's side,

is now beguiling the hour with a child's book presented her by the London City Mission. The gentlemen to whom drinking and smoking, laughing and talking, under rather stifling conditions, constitute enjoyment, little heed our intrusion. The tracts are well received with the exception of one determined objector, who being a thick-set, well dressed young man, carries in his features abundant evidence of possessing an obstinate spirit. He does not approve of having religion brought into this festive haunt; and indignation prompts an argument against Christianity itself. He seems to think that the City Mission is working to curtail the liberty of the subject. "Suppose I was to foller you into church with a pint of ale and bitters," he cries impatiently, "what would you say?"

At a house belonging to one of the humbler brethren among the publicans, I met with a strange history. At the end of the bar a door opens into a small tap-room, and this apartment is closely connected with the last days of a certain medical practitioner of this neighbourhood, and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. On entering this bar one day, while on his usual round, the missionary observed two men in the little apartment above mentioned, and a remark from one of them, an old gentleman in rags, and wearing a white hat, struck him as extraordinary—"If you do not kneel down, and ask the blessing of Almighty God, I will not prescribe for you." The speaker was found to be a reduced physician, of highly-respectable connections in the various learned professions, and who retained enough of the reverence belonging to better days to prompt his teaching his low associates to acknowledge the overruling power of Heaven. As this poor man paid great attention to the message of mercy, it is hoped that some good thing may have found a lodgment in his soul. A short distance from this I was shown a cobbler's establishment, where—after relinquishing his mansion and carriage, which, until he took to brandy-drinking were a part of his every-day existence—the physician found a friend.

To finish this story, I must explain that a day or two afterwards I visited the shoemaker's stall, and was rewarded by finding its occupant quite communicative on the theme of the sad fate of his friend the physician. In various ways this poor man had softened the lot of his still poorer neighbour. He acted as the almoner of the doctor's family, having been entrusted with the weekly allowance—at first £1 and subsequently 8s.—which the infatuated drunkard regularly received. The money being sent to the shoemaker, was by him, according to instructions, doled out in daily allowances. After such an experience, how strange the question must have sounded—"Did

you know Dr.—, who formerly went about these streets?" for he knowingly answered, "I should think I did."

I learned that during the last days of his life, or for a period of seven or eight years, the physician spent his time in the public-houses of Marylebone and in the cobbler's stall, sleeping by night in the lodging-houses of the district, until he became sufficiently unwelcome to be refused admission into any but the least orderly of these common sleeping-places. In this reduced condition he still followed his profession; or, as my informant expressed it, "he made a good bit by doctorin' about," among his miserable associates, and also among more respectable people, who, knowing his history and rare medical skill, sought, at a cheap rate, the benefit of the poor outcast's advice. It would seem, however, that this advice had to be taken at favourable seasons; for after indulging in spirit-drinking, the doctor's head became affected, when he was scarcely trustworthy. He would steal, and commit other meannesses, from which, when in his right mind, he shrank with the horror of a refined gentleman. This wretched existence was prolonged until nature refused any longer to hold out against the strain put upon her; and one afternoon the wanderer was carried from a low lodging-establishment to St. Giles's Workhouse, where he died in the course of the same night. "It was the bath did it, it's my belief," said the old shoemaker; "I always said that if he ever came to it, the 'work'us' would be the death of him."

If this digression of the life-story of poor Dr. — supplies a remarkable instance of the devastating nature of sin, it also shows how grateful an agency, under the saddest circumstances, centres in the London City Mission.

Our next call is at an "Irish" house, so called because largely patronised by natives of the Emerald Isle. How you are received at these places will depend on the effect taken by the drink on the tempers of the drinkers; for, as a class, the uneducated Irish Romanists are perhaps the most drunken section of the metropolitan population. In the bar are found a company of women, who possessing all the garrulous characteristics of their race and sex, appear to rejoice at the opportunity of having a conversation with two visitors better dressed than themselves. A few suitable words are addressed to them; but the Irish—and especially Irish women—are impatient listeners. They cluster around the missionary and raise a babel of confusion; and one motherly dame, with dishevelled hair, relates her story with all the force which violent gesture can impart; but her Celtic brogue surpasses our comprehension. This party of Amazons dismiss us with shouts of laughter, and such complimentary farewells as—"Good night, sir," "Good luck to yer," &c. &c.



But drink-loving Celts are not the only gin-slaves met with to-night. In another bar are found two demure old dames, sitting tête-à-tête. Though quite as dirty and slatternly, their oily English speech made them a marked contrast to their sisters of Ireland. Empty gin-glasses stood beside them, and they appeared to be completely gin soaked. "Well, I shouldn't like to die in a public-house," remarked one of these ladies, in reply to something addressed to her by the missionary; "but I've know'd sich a thing as *that* to happen."

The stock of Christian knowledge possessed by these old creatures was singularly striking; and their familiarity with the work of Christ appeared to be strangely out of keeping with their habits and surroundings. These are the characters who dishearten the zealous evangelist. They comprehend the claims of the Gospel; but gin has too strong a hold on them to allow of their responding to the call of Christ. Nothing more satisfactory could be drawn from them than—"I goes to the meetin', sir, and if I 'ad a pair of specs I could read the tracts."

We next came in the way of one of those hard, unimpressible natures, who resist kindly efforts to

do them good as though an injury were intended. "You wouldn't come here if you wasn't paid for it," cried one old man, half savagely, and whose eyes expressed more hatred than his words. "Look here, my good sir," is the reply, "you have been to the hospital in your time?" "Yes, I 'ave, several times, and they did me good." "Well, then, were you not a silly fellow for seeking good at a place where doctors and nurses were paid for serving you?" Poor man! He was a Pharisee of the strictest kind. He read his Bible, said his prayers, and had no need of repentance; for he had done the right thing and lived well.

How welcome the transition from such a case to another of a jovial company of soldiers, who, at least, have some reverence for the truth. "I was in a place of worship this morning," said my companion, addressing one of the men who wore a good-conduct badge on his uniform, "and I saw a soldier with three stripes on his arm. How is it that those of your profession who serve Christ almost always win these marks of honour?"

Thus the good work progresses. The soil may seem hard and strong; but how repeatedly in the annals of the London City Mission has an unpromising sowing preceded substantial results!

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE BIRD.

BY JOHN G. WATTS, AUTHOR OF "TALES AND SONGS," "PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE," ETC. ETC.

### THE PEDLAR'S CHARGE.—PART II.

**S**OON after our arrival at the pedlar's, there was a great stir one morning, an hour or two earlier than usual. Frisk was busy trotting to and fro, and our master came down attired in all his Sunday clothes. The old dame, likewise, had donned her company-cap with satin bows and lace border. Kitty was dressed in a bran-span-new frock, which Ben's mother had been busied upon, in the most clandestine manner, several days, for the purpose of giving the dear little weakling one of those pleasant surprises so gratifying to children. Ben was quite nervous, and in his haste to get our feeding over, very nearly choked two of us. He further awoke our alarm by telling a young girl who had been engaged to minister to our wants during his absence for the day, that she was to serve us every hour, as she had seen him do. Breakfast over, Ben got out his best hat, and continued to brush and rub it up with a silk pocket-handkerchief, until a light cart, the property of Mr. Doughty, a neighbouring baker, was brought to the door. Then the sick little maiden came forth, was carefully lifted in, and padded about with all kinds of soft things, that she might be shaken as little as

possible; after which the dame and Ben got up and drove for the railway-station three miles off.

The pedlar and his mother returned late the same night, but Kitty Croft was not with them. Mrs. Button looked sad, and cheerful Ben, even, was unmistakably dull.

"If I'd ha' thought they'd ha' wanted to perform any operation," remarked the dame while untying her bonnet, "I don't think I'd have taken her up."

"If she had not gone as she did, she must have died," replied her son.

"She may die now," sighed the other, "and then very likely her wicked father will blame us and think that she might have got well had she been left alone."

"Mother dear, set your mind at rest, the doctors assure me, that now, there is every chance of her getting well, and that if the operation had been put off four-and-twenty hours longer, nothing could possibly have saved her. There was not time to ask her father's consent, and she, poor thing, had suffered so much that she was glad of any chance of escape, and as you say knew so little of what had been done to her that when she came to, from the effects of the chloroform, actually inquired when they were going to begin. Ah, mother, the God of the fatherless—and

she is worse than fatherless—does not lose sight of his own. There, take heart, depend upon it all will yet be well."

The dame, who had great confidence in her son's judgment, felt somewhat reassured. Soon afterwards they separated for the night, eager for the quiet of their respective rooms, and where, unknown to each other, in a few moments, they were supplicating the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that He would vouchsafe to the little motherless patient, far away in a London hospital, a speedy issue out of all her sufferings, and a restoration of that health to which she had so long been a stranger.

Next day, when mother and son met at breakfast, they both looked calmer; and when, in the course of the evening, a letter came from Ben's aunt in town (who had undertaken to watch over the child) to say she was getting on even better than could have been hoped for, their joy hardly knew any bounds.

But to return to ourselves. The attentions we met at the hands of our friend were most constant, and so we all prospered. One day he said to his mother, "These birds are frisking about a good deal, and take to the perch very kindly, I shouldn't wonder but they'd make a bit of a fly if they got the chance. Shut the doors, and we'll see."

This being done, the cage was opened, and after a little hesitation one of my brothers hopped to the edge of the outlet, but did not seem to fancy making a start. Naturally of a somewhat mischievous turn, I could not resist the temptation to give him a push from behind. Out he tumbled, and so suddenly, that I went headforemost after him. The rest followed, and in an instant we were all fluttering and floundering in glorious confusion, though the sensation of being on the wing was delightful. After careering for a short time, my sisters found their way to the window-sash; my brothers to the tower of the card castle, like warders on the watch; while I somewhat ignominiously, terminated my first flight in the coal-scuttle.

When Ben thought it time to secure us, he took the others easily enough. To catch me, was another thing, however. A dozen times I eluded his grasp, and when the dame forgetfully attempted to quit the room, I was out before her, though only to find myself in a kind of washhouse. Our friend, laughing heartily at my ineffectual attempts to escape, luckily followed, for I had barely rested my feet on the edge of a clothes-horse which hung on the wall, when a savage creature, such as I had never seen before, with glaring eyes, and dreadful teeth, and shocking claws, dashed from under the stairs and caught me by the wing. In one second I should have lost my life, but before that second could expire our brave friend had the creature by the neck, and I was released. After smoothing my feathers and examining my limbs, one of which was much hurt, he returned me to the cage, and glad enough was

I to find myself once more with the rest of the family in a place of security. Although wing exercise was offered us every day, it was some time ere I could participate, and when I was able, my flying proved a very one-sided affair. As I gained strength I got on better. At length our friend pronounced us capable of earning our own living, and declared that but for Kitty's absence, he would liberate us.

In less than a month from the performing of the operation, Kitty Croft was brought back quite a new being. No limp now, and a healthy blush upon her cheek. Oh, how gladly she flew into the open arms of Ben, and how heartily he hugged her to his broad strong chest, and how lovingly the dame received her. If she had been the pedlar's own sister and the dame's own child, they could not have shown more affection.

Kitty was glad to find us so much improved, and at the risk of being thought vain, I will repeat the very words she uttered on beholding us. "Oh! how beautiful they are," cried she; "but this one," that was myself, "is lovelier than any."

The weather being all that could be desired, so soon as dinner was over the cage was carried to the front door, and Ben tenderly took my relatives one by one, tossed them into the air, and away they flew.

But for me, as I had feared, I should never be able to fly sufficiently well to be set adrift. I moped a bit at first, and could not take any food, but being young and, excepting my right wing and left leg, perfectly sound, soon recovered my spirits.

It was quite natural that Kitty, although her father had been so unkind and neglectful, should feel desirous for his welfare, and anxious to know how he was getting on in prison. Ben made inquiries, but gleaned little information. He would have taken his charge to the gaol and sought an interview had he dared, but he knew no good would result from such a proceeding. A letter from the child must carry a statement of where she was living, and that would never do. Better not to break in upon him. The village schoolmaster had called to see him after his wife's death, only to be repulsed. Croft's message was that he knew all about it. He had heard of his wife's death, and that his daughter was to be sent to the workhouse, and he wanted nobody to come there and see him in his degradation, least of all his only child.

The six months' imprisonment at length expired, and it was with some anxiety that Ben, the dame, and Kitty awaited a visit from the released. Ben was ready once more to aid his old friend if he would only make an effort in the right direction, in spite of past injustice. One, two, three days came and went, but no Peter Croft. A week passed away, and still no sign.

One very dull, wet evening, as the pedlar was sitting all alone cosily enough in his own chimney-

corner, reading a book of travels that he had borrowed from the Mutual Improvement Society library, he heard a heavy foot pause at his cottage door. He looked up, as the latch rose and fell. A tall, thin, pale-faced man, leaning on a stout oaken cudgel, entered. His face looked careworn, but determined. He paused as he crossed the threshold, closed the door, and then eyed the pedlar steadily. The latter returned his gaze for a second or two, and then suddenly cried out, "What, Peter Croft! Why, I did not know you!"

"How should you?" replied the other; "I went from here a stout strong man, and now what am I?"

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" moaned the pedlar.

The returned felon remained immovable; but continued in calm, decided tones: "When last we met it was at the assizes, and I then told you that we should meet again, and when we did so I would have my revenge." The master of the house had risen from his seat, as if expecting an attack. "I am here," continued the speaker, "to redeem my word; to take a revenge such as you deserve. I am here to beg forgiveness for the great wrong I have done you, and to bless and thank you for the mercy you have shown your avowed enemy." The wretched man sank into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly.

While Ben was standing over him, speaking words of consolation, a hurried step upon the stair was followed by Kitty running into the room.

"My dear—dear child!" exclaimed her father, catching her greedily to his embrace.

Peter Croft had—it transpired—after quitting prison, spent a whole week in London trying, but without success, to obtain employment, that he might fetch his daughter, as he imagined, from the workhouse, and give her a home again. More angry than ever with the man whom he believed to be in some measure the cause of his imprisonment, he had come down to the village firmly resolved to do him personal injury. Several things were thought of, and finally setting fire to the pedlar's cottage determined on. When it was quite dark he approached the house to see how he could best carry out his design. Suddenly the voice of his own child falls on his ear. He peeps through a chink in the shutter; and there, sure enough, smiling and blooming, and neatly clad, sitting beside the old dame, he beholds that little one whom six months ago he had left behind a helpless invalid. Casting aside the match as it had been a serpent, he had gone into the village and learned all. Now could he see how wickedly he had acted towards his best and truest friend. Good for evil! love for hate! and this from the man whom he would have injured to any extent. His heart smote within him. The blood of his friend and child too might have been on his head. The simple utterance of the poor publican found its way to his lips. "God be

merciful to me a sinner," was not uttered in vain. On the wings of sincerity it had flown to heaven, and strength and hope had been showered upon the contrite heart. Thus had he come to take a very different revenge to that he had intended.

Some weeks after this event Kitty, her father, and myself bade adieu to the dear old dame and her noble-hearted son. Peter Croft had taken a passage for a distant land, where he hoped to see his child grow into a woman; and where, removed from the temptation of old associates, he trusted with Divine help to, in some degree, make amends for the past.

(To be continued).

# "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

68. Point out a remarkable parallel in the history of our Lord and that of the Apostle Paul.

69. A covenant was made with the Gibeonites to let them live. Was this ever broken? If so, with what result?

70. In the Old Testament history we read of an instance in which a man lost his life for telling a lie. Give it.

71. Two kings in the Old Testament unwittingly pronounced judgment on themselves. Name them.

72. We read of two persons who were so altered by time or circumstances as not to be recognised by their most intimate friends and relations. Who were they?

73. A promise of Christ to his apostles obviated the necessity for recording the events of his life at the time when they occurred. Give it.

74. There are three instances recorded in the Bible where escape from enemies is effected through a window. Give them.

75. The wicked deeds of one of the kings of Judah are ascribed to the training he received from his mother. Give his name.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 143.

55. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" (Luke xii. 6.)

56. Deut. x. 16; xxx. 6; and Jer. iv. 4.

57. The confirmation of the baptised converts in Samaria (Acts viii. 14).

58. In the history of the Flood (Gen. vii. 4). Moses in the mount before the giving of the law (Exod. xxiv. 18; xxxiv. 28). The time of the spies in searching the land (Numb. xiii. 25; xiv. 34). The time of Elijah in coming to Horeb (1 Kings xix. 8). The time of probation for Nineveh (Jonah iii. 4).

59. Forty days elapsed before his presentation in the Temple (Luke ii. 22). Forty days after his baptism he entered on his public ministry (Matt. iv. 2). Forty days after his resurrection he ascended (Acts i. 3).

## BIBLE NOTES.

THE CURING THE DEMONIAK (Matt. viii. 23-34; Mark v. 1-20; Luke viii. 26-39.)



T. MARK and St. Luke speak of only one demoniac, whereas St. Matthew mentions two. The probable explanation is that one was more prominent than the other—perhaps acted as spokesman for both—and therefore the latter two evangelists have spoken only of him.

*"And when he went forth to land, there met him out of the city a certain man, which had devils long time, and wore no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs"* (Luke viii. 27).

St. Luke mentions the fact that this man had no clothing, and St. Mark does not. It is an evidence of the truthfulness of the two narratives, that though St. Mark omits this fact in the earlier portion of the story, he in the sequel speaks of the man as sitting at Jesus's feet "*clothed*, and in his right mind." Archbishop Trench, in commenting upon this miracle, gives the following interesting quotation from the work of an Italian physician, speaking of the insane: "A striking and characteristic circumstance is the propensity to go quite naked. The patient tears his clothes to tatters. Notwithstanding his constant exertion of mind and body, the muscular strength of the patient seems daily to increase. He is able to break the strongest bonds, and even chains." This is almost a literal description of the conduct of this man whom Christ healed. The "*tombs*" of the Jews were sometimes natural caves of great extent, and sometimes extensive excavations, made for the purpose of burial. They were always situated outside the city, and thus naturally became the place of retreat of those who were morbid or insane.

St. Mark mentions that this man used to "*cut himself*." This is a characteristic of maniacs. Pritchard, speaking of one who was the victim of a terrible mania, says: "He habitually wounded his hands, wrists, and arms with needles and pins."

*"When he saw Jesus, he cried out."* He cried out at him for intruding upon what he considered his domain, and where he refused to let others walk. As St. Matthew mentions, he was "*exceeding fierce*, so that no man might pass by that way." His crying out resulted also from his recognising the stronger than himself, who was coming to defeat the devil and deliver the man. This is evident from his subsequent exclamations. "*What have I to do with thee, thou Son of the Most High God?*" What is there in common between us? Thou art pure and true and sinless; I impure, false, sinful. Thou who delightest in going about doing good, canst have no sympathy or common feeling with me, who live only

to do evil. "*I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.*" Torture me not by making me cease to cause agony to this man; for in torturing others is my delight. This is a true, vivid picture of the devil nature. And what more awful thought of hell can there be than that it is to be with such, and to be partakers of their nature!

From St. Luke's account (ver. 29) we find that Christ had actually commenced his contest with the power of the devil.

*"And Jesus asked him, saying, What is thy name? And he said, Legion: because many devils were entered into him."* A legion in the Roman army consisted of from three to eight thousand men: and the adoption of this name by the poor man that was possessed gives some idea of the frightful agony he endured—of the extent to which Satan had possessed him, and the complete victory he had obtained over him.

*"And there was there an herd of many swine feeding on the mountain: and they besought him that he would suffer them to enter into them. And he suffered them."* In keeping this herd of swine the Gadarenes were guilty of a breach of the Mosaic law, which forbade the Jew to defile himself by eating or by tending these animals (see Lev. xi. 8); and in granting the prayer of the devils, our Lord practically condemned in the Gadarenes this departure from the law. For as he himself at another time said, he came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law.

*"Besought him to depart from them."* This the Gadarenes did, upon seeing "*by what means he that was possessed of the devils was healed.*" Besides the superstitious fear excited by the sudden cure of the demoniac, there was doubtless a feeling of mortification beneath all at the loss of what was very likely a capital "*stock-in-trade*" of the Gadarenes. From a very different feeling did Simon Peter say, "*Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.*"

*"Sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."* This subject has been amply treated in a recent paper on "*The Feet of Jesus.*" Here we have evidenced the completion of the miracle. The man is sitting at the feet of Jesus, because, and therefore, he is in his right mind. This may be said to be the principal teaching of the miracle. The natural man is possessed with the legion devils of his sins, and is naked in his unrighteousness; but when the great Exorciser comes to him, and against the man's will delivers him, he finds that the most blessed place for him is at Jesus's feet: for why? HE IS IN HIS RIGHT MIND.